

BACK YARD MYSTERY

There's a mystery
in this back yard
I occasionally see into.
I see a series
of incongruous
relationships (rusty
barbeque supported
by brown stucco wall,
lawn infiltrated by
weeds & plastic garden
hose, fence riddled
with knotholes) that
mysteriously add
up to perfection.
How can this be?

KNOWING

I am a man.
There are only
certain times that
I know this.
Sometimes a woman
can show me.
Sometimes in an
act of courage
I see it.
But it falls
away in this life.
This knowing.
This knowing of self.
And it matters
no more than
knowing it will rain
or it won't.